
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1817.

MISS ELIZA BRUNTON.

THIS lady was born at Norwich, January 21st, 1799, and is the second daughter of Mr. John Brunton, who has many years performed a respectable class of characters at the Covent-Garden Theatre, by a lady whose maiden name was Ross, and daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Brown, the once formidable rival of Mrs. Jordan. Miss Eliza Brunton's father is a son of Mr. John Brunton, many years manager of the Theatre-Royal, Norwich; Miss Brunton, afterwards Mrs. Merry, her aunt, was an eminent actress; and her aunt, the present Lady Craven, while Miss Louisa Brunton, was a highly respectable actress, so that by descent, on each side, if talents be hereditary, she may be supposed to possess them in no mean degree; and accordingly her first appearance in Letitia Hardy, in the Belle's Stratagem, on the 12th September, at the Covent-Garden Theatre, answered every expectation. As soon as she came on the boards, she was welcomed with marked attention by an elegant audience, whose cheering soon reassured her, and she went through her part with so much spirit and discrimination as to be received with great applause throughout;

and has since performed the same character several times with increasing reputation and effect.* Rosalind, in *As you Like it*, was her next performance, Rosalia, in *The Duke of Savoy*, in which we have taken the likeness prefixed to the present Number, Miss Harcastle, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Violante, in *The Wonder*, followed in succession; in all of which she has attracted full audiences, and been equally well received.

Miss Brunton's first appearance on any stage, was made at the Lynn theatre, in Norfolk, March, 1815; in which company she met with extraordinary success; and prepared herself for her present arduous undertaking.

Miss Brunton has shewn, that she is highly accomplished, and possesses every requisite for the stage: she is young, has a good person, an expressive countenance, and a pleasing and melodious voice: that she has varied and imitative powers, was sufficiently manifested in Letitia Hardy; and a little time will doubtless fix her in a range of parts well suited to her powers, and establish her as a public favourite, and an acquisition to a metropolitan theatre.

The female branches of the Brunton family have all been remarkable for their correct demeanour in private life; and though, from the profession they have nearly all made choice of, more than ordinarily exposed to the shafts of slander, they have ever sustained a most unblemished reputation; and some of them in consequence formed alliances with gentlemen of the first rank and of the highest respectability in society. Of the fair *debutante*, we know but little, but that little is highly creditable to her character, her understanding, and her talents. As far as her short career has gone, she has fulfilled the duties imposed on her in a most amiable manner; and, as she advances in life, and takes a more prominent station, and has a wider range for action allowed her, she will doubtless, like her worthy predecessors, prove a blessing to her family, an honour to her profession, and a pattern to her sex.

* For an account of Miss Brunton's *debut*, see the last Number of this work for October, p. 225 and 226.

In speaking of this lady and her family, we aim at no laboured panegyric; there are occasions when truth, simple and unadorned, speaks more eloquently than high-flown metaphor or strained conceit; and in our opinion this is one of those occasions.

With these remarks, and wishing her every success, we take leave of the fair actress, till the full developement of her powers shall enable us to weave a wreath to her professional excellence, and present a leaf more worthy of her remembrance.

OF EQUIVOCAL RELATIONS.

WE are every moment correcting the equivocal expressions which slip into our writings, for fear they should convey a false meaning to the minds of others; we foresee the doubts which may be excited in their minds by what is proposed to them; and the false inferences that may be drawn from them; and yet we do not prevent our writings from being mistaken, and misunderstood, nor the necessity of our entering into long explanations. What then must be the consequence of those hasty conversations, in which we neither use care, application, nor circumspection, in which we express the greater part of what we say but imperfectly, and are often referring it to the understanding of those to whom we speak. The meaning of our expressions is not all included in the terms we use to express ourselves; it sometimes depends upon the conversation which preceded; a tone, an inflection, a gesture, a look, changes its meaning; and it even often depends upon the thoughts of those to whom we speak; so that if, for want of attention, those to whom we speak take no heed of what follows, of this tone, of this look, they are almost always deceived in the spirit of what is said to them, and conceive quite another meaning to that which we wish to give them.

THE GOSSIPER, N^o. XXX.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

DEAR MR. GOSSIPER,

THOUGH the age of chivalry is long since gone by, I am willing to believe that there is still some loyalty to sex left in the bosoms of my countrymen, since I am certain, that your title of the Gossiper was assumed, like Steele's Tatler, out of compliment to us; and, as my injuries are of a nature in which I have no doubt that you will cordially sympathize, I have resolved to implore your assistance in giving them publicity, and your advice as to the method I must take to avenge them upon their cruel author, my Blue Beard of a husband.

Don't start at this epithet, Mr. Gossiper; I assure you, that it is strictly appropriate; for, although my tyrant does not attempt to chop off my head, he would, I very believe, were it not for fear of the law, inflict upon me a more severe punishment, by cutting out my tongue; which he frequently declares is a member I should be much better without; for it is at once useless and pernicious. There's gallantry for you, Mr. Gossiper.

But this is not the worst: in pursuance of this wise opinion of his, he has been gradually curtailing my freedom of speech ever since we were married, till he has reduced me to mere monosyllables at last; for if I ever attempt to go beyond them, he interrupts me either with an impatient pshaw! a Latin quotation from that abusive old Roman, Juvenal, or a loud whistle; and, if I am proof to any, or all of these, he takes his hat, and politely consigning all gossipers to the infernal gods, he bounces out of the room.

This is bad enough, you must allow; however, bad as it is, I might put up with it, could I indemnify myself by talk-

ing to any body else; but Mr. Chatternot does not suffer me either to visit, or receive company at home. With regard to the last, he declares, that he cannot answer it to his conscience to let any part of our income be squandered foolishly; and as to the former, home, he says, is a woman's proper sphere, and he piously thanks heaven, that he knows my duties, if I do not, and has firmness enough to make me perform them. Did you ever hear such abominable sophistry, Mr. Gossiper? and how mortifying to have, as is always the case, arguments in plenty at my tongue's end to refute him, and yet not be permitted to use one! I protest, the recollection almost forces tears of vexation from my eyes.

In order that you may be able to judge of what I suffer from this forced silence, I must inform you, Mr. Gossiper, that I was an only child, and cried up, even from my cradle, as a prodigy of genius. In fact, my talents were considered by my fond parents as too brilliant to need the ordinary advantages of cultivation. My mother declared, that she thought it would be a thousand pities to cramp my genius by too close application, and, as all her female friends were of the same opinion, I studied nothing attentively but dancing. As my *bon mots* were, in my mother's opinion, the perfection of wit and humour, I was encouraged to talk on all subjects without restraint; and, being naturally volatile and vivacious, I must own, that my tongue seldom lay still.

When I was about eighteen, my parents died; and, although we had lived in very great style, my father, who was a merchant, died insolvent. Thus I saw myself, almost in a moment, hurled from affluence to beggary. This terrible reverse of fortune damped, for a long time, my natural vivacity, and I became as grave and taciturn as I am naturally the reverse.

A distant relation, compassionating my destitute situation, invited me to become her guest, till something could be planned for my future maintenance. I had not resided with her long before I captivated Mr. Chatternot, who was fast

verging towards old bachelorism; he was, however, still handsome; he appeared amiable, was very rich, and seemed passionately enamoured of me. My relation was transported at what she called my uncommon good fortune; and as I had no prepossession in favour of any one else, I readily agreed to become Mrs. Chatternot; and I entered the holy state with expectations of happiness, which vanished, alas! before the expiration of the honeymoon.

I believe we had not been quite three weeks married, when one evening, the conversation happening to turn on history, I mentioned some transactions which had taken place in the reign of Alfred the Great, of England, but which I unfortunately placed in that of Henry VII. I saw Mr. Chatternot start, and change colour, while he darted at me a petrifying glance. There was company present, and on that account he restrained his indignation till they departed. He then attacked me, in no very gentle terms, for displaying what he called my consummate ignorance; as if a woman of genius could be expected to retain in her head such stupid things as dates. He protested, that he should never have thought of marrying me, had he not supposed I possessed a degree of reserve and taciturnity very uncommon in a female; that, as they were my principal charms in his eyes, I must be conscious, that I could not take a more certain method to alienate his affection than by giving way to a volubility and flippancy, which must, in fact, render me perfectly ridiculous in the eyes of all people of sense; since, by chattering fearlessly on every subject, I should always be exposed to make such ridiculous blunders as the one which had just covered him with confusion. I interrupted his harangue at this period by a retort full of acrimony; he replied with equal *fiercé*; and, in short, our war of words ran so high, that we did not speak to each other for three days afterwards.

Unfortunately, the first concession came from me. I say unfortunately, because I believe it encouraged Mr. Chatternot to proceed in his plan of completely subjugating me.

He began by absolutely prohibiting some subjects; he next curtailed the number of those I had been allowed to expatiate upon; afterwards, he took it into his head, that I talked too much even upon trifles; he assured me, that my incessant chattering gave him the head-ache, and my confounded love of gossiping unfitted me for every rational pursuit. Since he has made this notable discovery, he has gradually, but steadily persevered in depriving me, by every means in his power, of the privilege of talking, till, as I informed you above, he has actually reduced me to mere monosyllables.

In this miserable situation, I was beginning to sink into despair, when, happening to meet with your paper, it struck me, that I had a right to claim from you fraternal sympathy and assistance. Only put yourself for a moment in my place. If you have a single trait of a genuine Gossiper about you, I need say no more to excite your commiseration, and secure your services.

Now then to explain to you my plan. You must know, that I have debated for some time in my own mind the expediency of instituting a suit against Mr. Chatternot for a design upon my life. I think I can prove satisfactorily that he has more than once attacked it; for I can very conscientiously swear, that I am in daily danger of suffocation, from being obliged to suppress a speech just as it rises to my lips; and, I am well assured, that if the jury are married men, they must, if they have any conscience, decide in my favour.

I have two favours, Mr. Gossiper, to beg of you; the first is, that you will recommend me to an honest lawyer, if you have the singular good fortune to be acquainted with one; and the other, that you will lend me a sum of money to carry on my suit. You may depend upon being repaid the moment I gain my cause; and, I think, there can't be a doubt of my success.

Have the goodness to lose no time in speaking to a lawyer; but remember, that I have no desire to occasion any

personal injury to Mr. Chatternot ; all I wish for is, that he should be compelled either to allow me a separate maintenance, or to suffer me to talk as much as I please.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

CHARLOTTE CHATTERNOT.

The Gossiper regrets exceedingly, that he cannot serve his fair correspondent to the extent of her wishes. He has consulted his friend, Counsellor Briefless, who assures him, that our English legislators have made no provision for such a case ; probably for the same reason that the wise Lycurgus had ordained no punishment for parricide, because he believed his countrymen incapable of committing it. All, therefore, that the Gossiper can do, is, to offer Mrs. Chatternot his fraternal and disinterested advice. Let her employ the time which she is forced to spend in silence, in cultivating her mind ; she will then be able to meet her husband at his own weapons ; and when he finds, that, instead of being afraid of her blunders, he has, on the contrary, reason to be proud of her knowledge, there can be little doubt, that he will be as eager to hear her talk, as he is now to compel her to be silent.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE celebrated John Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, at one period of his life, kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, and, perhaps, in commemoration of the profession of his father, and his own in his youth, put up the sign of the Tinker of Turvey. How long he continued in that situation is unknown : we have heard, that both his father and himself were frequently in pursuit of their occupation at Newport Pagnel. Bunyan died in London, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill-field burial-ground.

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 190.)

I WAS so infatuated, that I could not make a single rational reflection. I passed the day, and part of the night, in composing verses to her, which I sent at break of day. Afterwards I counted the minutes till five, and then I flew to her. They conducted me through the house. Donna Bianca was waiting for me in the garden. I found her upon the bank of a piece of water, surrounded by roses and statues; and for the first time, I saw a *jet d'eau*, some fine pieces of sculpture, and all the perfection displayed by art in a superb garden. Donna Bianca, in the midst of these wonders, seated upon a marble bench, augmented the charm, and presented to my sight the most enchanting scene I had ever beheld. I paused an instant to contemplate the *ensemble* of this captivating picture. Great God! I exclaimed, what enchantment! and this happy spot, this voluptuous sojourn, is but a passage, and an exile, to another! Behold the prison to which the wrath of heaven has banished guilty and fallen man! What an idea must we then have of his first greatness, and lost happiness!—O! admirable magnificence of the supreme goodness!—And this is the heavenly form of a mortal! Ah! how is it possible to regard it without believing one's-self still in the garden of Eden!—Saying these words, I rushed towards her; and throwing myself at her feet, I said all that passion could inspire in the most sensible

and inexperienced heart; for I had never been in love; since this name could not be given to the tranquil and pleasing sentiment that I had for Inès. Donna Bianca united the charm of the most surprising novelty to the seduction of rare beauty, and a superior mind. In her, I could distinguish nothing but the elegance of her dress, the cultivation of her mind, the grace of her manners; and, in my eyes, her talents were astonishing. Made to be loved and admired, she could only be so in the highest degree of enthusiasm by me. She knew it; and this idea especially contributed more than any other to exalt her regard for me. She listened to me with deep concern; and, as I conjured her to answer me, she sighed, and obliging me to sit beside her,—O Placid, said she, what do you expect? you, who are solemnly plighted to another? you, who, in six months, must espouse young Inès? I was thunder-struck, could make no answer, and remained confounded.—Speak, continued she, for what do you hope?—To die on leaving you!—No, no, replied she, we must live for virtue, to fulfil our duties, to make generous sacrifices, and thank heaven, which opens to both so noble a career. Let us shew ourselves worthy of this great destiny. Let us triumph over a partiality criminal on your part, and mad on mine. I confess, Placid, I love you; and have never felt for any but you this thoughtless passion, so suddenly conceived in its full force; because not formed to be lasting. You have struck my imagination, and subjugated my heart. While incessantly reading your poems, so well imprinted on my mind, I have thought a thousand times, if I had known the author of them, I could not avoid loving him, and even before I made this dangerous discovery, you had already seduced my reason by an originality, a candour of character, an expression, and an energy of sensibility, which could only belong to you alone. In spite of all the prejudices which are opposed to our union, I would be your's, if you were free.—What do you say? Great God! cried I, you would be mine, if I were free! But am I then engaged? What have I promised? a sentiment that I knew not, of which I had not even an

idea! An object like you has never been seen in the valley; neither admiration, nor love, is there understood. Ah! I am not unfaithful; I am not perjured; I have never felt the burning ardour which now consumes me, for any other. But Inès! the love you describe to me, she has, no doubt, for you.—No, in that obscure abode, passion is unknown. Inès has only a tender friendship for me. Our union is not necessary to her happiness.—I cannot believe it.—An inhabitant of the valley, a young and handsome man, who made her an offer of his hand, will certainly take advantage of my absence to try to gain her heart; and will perhaps succeed. She will forget me.—That is impossible. And did you think so when you left the valley?—Then I thought not; I reflected not; I vegetated. All was vague to me; my sentiments, sensations, and ideas; I felt nothing but uneasiness and presentiments; I wished to travel, which was my only passion; tormented by an instinct of love, you I desired, and sought. You have developed my soul, and given me existence. I belong to you. How should I do without you? I cannot love another!—This conversation was prolonged till night; but terminated sorrowfully. Donna Bianca said, that as she could not entertain the same opinion concerning the alteration of Inès' sentiments, it was impossible for her to receive me any longer at her house; and that we could no longer meet, but at Don Pedro's. She requested me not to confide to him what had passed; promised, weeping, an eternal friendship; and told me, that she should make every effort to triumph over a partiality that reason condemned; and of which she had made an avowal unguardedly. I could not combat resolutions that I admired; her virtue animated mine; she exalted my soul, while wounding my feelings. I listened with tears in my eyes; and left her the most unfortunate, and the most enamoured of men.

A prey to the deepest sorrow, I was nevertheless supported by the certainty of being loved, and an indefinite hope, but found no consolation, except in the study of literature and

the sciences. It seemed to me as if, in acquiring information and ability, I were coming nearer to Donna Bianca; and it certainly was a legitimate way of identifying myself with her. I saw her again in a day or two after at dinner at Don Pedro's. I was inexpressibly concerned; I kept at a distance; and scarcely dared to look at her; but I had no occasion to look at to see her constantly; for the sound alone of her sweet voice would have been sufficient to represent to my imagination her celestial form. She was dejected; and to enquiries, answered, that she was really indisposed.—These few words resounded to the bottom of my heart. There was something so plaintive and affecting in the sound of her voice, that to me each of her words had a peculiar expression; the most indifferent formed a mysterious language that I interpreted, that I understood, and that filled me with love and gratitude. After dinner, they placed themselves round a large card-table, a new sight to me. I at first asked an explanation of the game, which I easily understood; but for this same reason, I could not conceive how well-informed, sensible, and ingenious persons, could prefer so puerile an amusement to the pleasure of conversation. They were obliged to confess, that the hope of gaining money rather than friends was the true cause of this preference. But why, said I, do not those who want it, ask for it, instead of employing their time so badly? Besides they run the risk of losing against persons who are rich; all this is very absurd. Their only answer was a loud laugh. I was angry: they laughed again. Donna Bianca, who did not play, took my part: she declared, that she really thought as I did; and to hear her, I was silent. Thus this discussion ended. They played all the rest of the day; which much surprised me. It had a strange effect on me, seeing men determined to cut each other's throats for a dispute at play; and men too perfectly civilized, go to such excesses in an enlightened and Christian company, without being banished from it, and dishonoured. But, alas! the folly and inconsiderateness of mankind have since supplied me

with many other subjects of astonishment. Don Pedro, knowing my taste for painting, shewed me the pictures in the palace, and all the fine collections of Madrid.

The first time I beheld a base and ignoble composition in these cabinets of pictures, or representing licentious scenes, I felt a kind of terror which made me motionless; I could not conceive how a painter could debase himself by depicting such images, instead of consecrating the experience of long study to fixing upon cava noble and affecting remembrances. In the choice of these subjects, there appeared to me a depravity of soul, a bad taste, and a corruption which I abhorred. I cursed the artist; unworthy of so great a talent, for having thus profaned a fine art; and my indignation was so vehement, that unless Don Pedro had been present, in this first impulse, I should have pierced, and torn these despicable paintings. This discovery of so scandalous an abuse of talent caused me many sad reflections. I knew that the arts I admired with so much enthusiasm, that these arts, made to elevate the soul, could also, by a shameful perversion, debase and corrupt it; for I comprehended, that every thing might be thus abused. I communicated my thoughts to Don Pedro. Alas! answered he, you have devined it; music, whose enchanting sounds can soften, and melt the most obdurate heart, exalt piety, dispose the soul to sublime meditation, or animate the courage of warriors, and inspire them with heroic ardour,—music, constantly degraded, lavishes all the learned combinations of harmony for the most despicable purposes; but then it solely offers laboured calculations, or effeminate songs, which neither possess nobleness, energy, nor genius. In the same manner, eloquence and poetry, invented to instill a love of reason and virtue, or to lead us back to them when we have been hurried away by our passions, these immortal daughters of heaven, who might have so noble an empire over the mind, often serve to bewilder, and pervert it! When life is not sufficiently long to read all the good books of ancient and modern authors, how is it possible to give ourselves up to the reading of pernicious ones? What an

unworthy and ridiculous employment of time! How! are not the authors of these infamous productions the objects of contempt and public execration?—Even their partisans do not esteem them; but they admire their talents.—What is admiration without esteem? a sterile astonishment, a surprise of the mind that the soul disavows. What is talent without a useful end; without morality, wisdom, and virtue?—But genius!—No; the author who is destitute of principles, cannot have it; the thoughts of the impious must be abject: those pious ejaculations to the sovereign perfection, those transports of admiration, love, and gratitude, he unfortunately knows not; he has never enjoyed the more sublime faculties of his being. O! who can conceive the incomprehensible humiliation of a human being, who, debasing the most ingenious inventions, profaning solitude, perverting meditation, shuts himself up to reflect upon and perpetuate criminal errors in writing; and who afterwards delivers them to be printed and handed down to posterity? These excesses are frightful, but custom renders them familiar. It is certain, that, never having had the idea of these monstrosities, you judge of them much more soundly than we do.

(To be continued.)

EVIL-SPEAKING.

SPEAK not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his hands; the Spaniard did this when he was dying: his confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard replying, called the devil my lord. "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel."—His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAME ROLAND.

MARIA JANE ROLAND was born in 1754; her father Gratien Philipon, a skilful engraver, had nine children. From her cradle, she was very intelligent, and had a good memory. Her natural readiness prompted her parents to have her taught the Latin language, in which she made a rapid progress. Lively, without being obtrusive; obedient without being submissive, she never yielded to the orders that were given her, unless she discovered the motive. Her mother, having observed her character, could direct her by reason, or win her by affection. At seven years of age, she had masters of every kind, and applied herself assiduously to study. Taking no delight in the pastimes of her age, she felt an insatiable thirst for instruction. She took delight in reading the Bible, the Lives of the Saints, and Plutarch's great men; the first notions of religion that she received from her mother, made the strongest impression on her mind. She entreated her parents to train her up in a monastery, that she might prepare herself, by suitable meditation, to receive the sacrament. Miss Philipon was then eleven years of age; she conducted herself in such a manner as to acquire the friendship of her companions, and the esteem of her superiors. On leaving the monastery, she went to her grandmother's to finish her education. The works of our great philosophers became her favourite reading; and she applied herself to study the principles of natural philosophy and mathematics. Being taken to Versailles by her grandmother, she had an opportunity of ob-

serving the low intrigues of courtiers; and from that time, her young heart beat for liberty and independence.

Miss Philipon's countenance was not striking; but it had much sweetness and expression. Her look was open, frank, and lively; her complexion was animated; and her make rather masculine. At the age of eighteen, her hand was solicited by several gentlemen in marriage; but at that time, she was unable to make up her mind on so serious a subject.

Her father, having made an attempt to extend his business by some foreign enterprises, with a view to increase his fortune, experienced some considerable losses; which so affected his wife, that she died of grief. Miss Philipon, a prey to great affliction, entered her paternal roof again notwithstanding; where she divided her time between domestic occupations, and the reading of our great philosophers. Jean Jacques Rousseau excited her admiration in an especial manner.

Notwithstanding the advice of his daughter, M. Philipon left his accustomed work, continued his hazardous enterprises, succeeded not, and ended by ruining himself entirely at play. Miss Philipon consoled herself for these disasters by study and the practice of good works. One of her friends, who resided at Amiens, had often spoken with praise of Roland de la Platière. Roland came to Paris in 1775, and was eager to see Miss Philipon. Their taste for literature, which both cultivated, soon united them in tender friendship. After an intimacy of five years, Roland, captivated by Miss Philipon's mind, addressed to her his letters upon Italy, declared his love, and offered her his hand. Miss Philipon refused him, on account of her having but a small income. Her father received the offer of Roland with coldness. Miss Philipon, hurt, separated from her father in a becoming manner, fixed her residence in a retirement at the Congregation, and was contented to live upon her income of five hundred francs. Roland repeated his offer. Miss Philipon, affected by his perseverance, consented to marry him, followed him to Amiens, and cultivated botany;

in this science she acquired extensive knowledge, and seconded her husband in his literary labours. They passed four years together at Amiens. Madame Roland became a mother; and, in fulfilling the first duties of maternity, endured great sufferings with fortitude.

In 1784, Madame Roland resided at her husband's estate in Villefranche, near Lyons, and employed herself in acts of charity. In 1789, her care and knowledge in medicine snatched her husband from the danger of a chronic disease. At this time, the French Revolution commenced, Roland was sent to Paris by the municipality of Lyons, of which he was a member, to solicit of the Constituent Assembly a supply of forty millions for the town of Lyons. Madame Roland followed her husband, saved the wrecks of her father's fortune, paid his debts, and secured him an annuity. She afterwards entered into a league with the most eloquent deputies of the Girond, and had great influence over them. Roland came to the ministry, in March, 1792; and his wife assisted him. After being removed from the ministry by the king, who was terrified at his republican maxims, and sage, but rigid counsel, Roland was recalled by the Legislative Assembly. Notwithstanding the severity of his measures, and his exact probity, he suffered himself to be persuaded to join in political errors that he did not discover till the 2d of September. Some time before this horrible scene, Madame Roland wrote a letter to the pope, to demand the liberty of some artists who were shut up in Rome, which succeeded, and is preserved in this Memoir as creditable to her feelings and talents.

The Executive Council of the French Republic to the Prince, Bishop of Rome.

"Some free Frenchmen, children of the arts, whose stay in Rome has encouraged and developed tastes and talents that do honour to the city, undergo, by your order, an unjust persecution. Carried away from their labours in an arbitrary manner, shut up in a rigorous prison, pointed out to the public, and treated as criminals, without any tri-

bunal having declared of what they are guilty; or rather when no one can reproach them with other act than that of having made known their respect for the rights of humanity, and their love for a country which acknowledges them, they are marked out as victims whom despotism and superstition united will soon immolate. The republic's minister for foreign affairs has already demanded the enlargement of these Frenchmen arbitrarily detained at Rome. The executive council now claim them in the name of justice, which they have not offended, in the name of the arts that you are interested in patronizing and protecting, in the name of reason, which is very indignant at this strange persecution, in the name of a free, proud, and generous nation, who disdain conquests, it is true, but will make their laws respected, and are ready to be revenged on whoever shall pretend to plead ignorance of them, and has not been able to overcome them through kings and priests, that they may be permitted to insult whom they please. Pontiff of the Roman church, and prince of a state which you are in danger of losing, you can no longer preserve both the church and state but by the disinterested profession of those Evangelical principles which breathe the most tender humanity, the most perfect equality, and with which the successors of Christ had defended themselves only to increase a dominion which now falls from age. The ages of ignorance are passed; men can no longer be subjected but by conviction, led but by truth, attached but by their own happiness. The art of politics and the secret of government are reduced to the recognition of their rights, and the care of facilitating the exercise of them for the good of the whole, with the least possible detriment to each. Such are now the maxims of the French republic, too wise to have any thing to conceal, even in diplomacy, too powerful to have occasion to threaten, but too proud to dissemble an insult, and ready to punish it, if peaceable claims produce no effect."

The distate that Roland felt, made him determine to abandon a more dangerous than honourable post. The re-

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volutionary committee issued a mandate of arrest against him: he refused to obey, escaped, and took refuge in Rouen.

Madame Roland surmounts every obstacle; and goes to the Convention; but cannot obtain a hearing. On her return home, they carry her from the arms of her daughter, and conduct her to the prison of St. Pelagie. She writes to the Convention; her letter is not attended to. Twenty-two deputies of the Girond are accused; Madame Roland predicts their fate, her own, and the misfortunes of France, and cries out, oppressed with grief, *My country is ruined.*

Madame Roland beguiled the weariness of her imprisonment by reading and music; she consoled her companions in misfortune, and exhorted them to support their situation with firmness. At this time, Charlotte Cordai stabbed Marat. Madame Roland, on hearing this intelligence, said, *She has ill chosen her time and victim.* Madame Roland was soon plunged into a kind of dungeon; she ascertains that Robespierre accuses her husband; she writes to Robespierre, receives no answer from him, falls ill, makes a disposal in favour of her daughter; "recommends her never to recede from her duty; and to cultivate music as an alleviation in misfortune, and a safeguard against the seduction of prosperity."

Placed at the bar, Madame Roland underwent her first interrogation the 7th December, 1793. She was treated with contempt and cruelty; her judges often interrupted her in her answers; they appeared impatient to convict her of a conspiracy; Fouquier Tainville, the public accuser, tried to compel her to declare where her husband had taken refuge; and, on her refusing to tell him, bestowed on her the most abusive epithets. "Those who are impeached," replied Madame Roland, "should attend only to their own cases, and not to others'. If, for four months, the justice that Roland demanded, had not been denied him, he would not have been forced to absent himself, nor I to conceal the place of his residence, supposing I had been acquainted with it. I know not that there exists a law, in


the name of which you can compel me to betray my dearest interests.

At the second interrogation, the public accuser, exasperated at the noble assurance with which Madame Roland persisted in not declaring where her husband was concealed, treated her as a babbler, and ended the contest. "How I pity you," said she then, with an air of disdain, to Fouquier Tainville, "you wish, you may send me to the scaffold; you cannot take from me the satisfaction that a good conscience gives; and the persuasion that posterity will revenge Roland and me by consigning our persecutors to infamy. I wish you, for the wrongs you do me, a peace of mind equal to that which I preserve, whatever the value you may affix to it."

Madame Roland, solely accused of having maintained a correspondence with the conspirators, refused the offer that was made her of setting her at liberty, and preferred exposing herself to every peril rather than have recourse to a flight unworthy of her character. Madame Roland heard her sentence with resignation; and, whilst they were conducting her to the scaffold, she continued to converse with one of the companions of her misfortune, and succeeded in making her smile.

When she arrived at the place of execution, she bent before the statue of liberty, and cried out—O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name! She perished the 8th December, 1793, in the 41st year of her age.

Madame Roland had caught a taste for politics and a love of liberty in England and Switzerland, countries through which she travelled, the only passion, except the love of fame, which was deeply rivetted in her mind. She was particularly attached to her husband, because she governed him; but she knew how to manage his pride, and adroitly conceal from him her own superiority. Before she died, she predicted that her husband would not survive her; and Roland, on being informed of the death of his wife, destroyed himself. The lively and witty conversation of Madame Roland was always intermingled with anecdotes and reflections

of an original turn. Her sonorous and flexible voice added to the charms of her conversation. She has left works which treat of Melancholy, the Soul, Morality, Old Age, Friendship, Love, Retirement, and Socrates; a Voyage to England and Switzerland, and Memoirs of her private Life, her arrest, and the ministry of her husband. 

OF HUMAN WEAKNESS.

MAN is so weak and vain, that he is as much incited to pride by the virtues he thinks he discovers in himself as by the failings he observes in others; by the one, he rises above them; by the other, he tramples them under foot. But the knowledge of himself preserves him from both species of vanity, and by placing his own defects before his eyes, it on the one side stifles the complacency with which he views his own virtues; and on the other, it renders him more indulgent to the failings of others. Thus it at least keeps him on a level with other men; it learns him to endure them as he would be endured by them; and it thus in some manner makes a good use of self-love. It is as easy to comprehend that a forgetfulness of one's self produces obduracy, as, on the contrary, that a knowledge of one's self produces pity; for, in the sentiment of compassion which we have for others, there is some secret reflection upon ourselves, by which we look upon ourselves, as either having suffered the same evils, or as being liable to suffer them. And this is the reason that men who believe themselves above all, and imagine that the evils with which others are afflicted cannot happen to them, are commonly merciless; because they do not make that kind of reflection on themselves which affects the heart at the sight of the misfortunes of others.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S——.

(Continued from page 201.)

LETTER V.

JUNO, whose maternal feelings do not appear to have been very lively, gave her son so cold a reception, when he was admitted to Olympus, that, to revenge himself, he presented her with a golden throne of exquisite workmanship, but so constructed, that, when once seated, she could not rise again. She complained bitterly of this treatment. "Is it not enough," cried she, "that I must bear the shame of having brought you into the world, deformed as you are, without your adding to my mortification by this cruel insult?" Softened by these words, Vulcan immediately repented; he released her; and from that time they were on good terms.

Anxious to console his son for the disgrace of his unsuccessful passion, Jupiter made him God of Fire; and Vulcan, leaving his forges in the isle of Lemnos and Mount Etna to the care of the Cyclops, built himself a superb palace in Olympus, where he found employment and amusement in bringing to perfection his various inventions. While he was thus engaged, a young beauty was presented at the celestial court; at the sight of whose charms, the goddesses grew pale with envy, while a murmur of applause ran through the gods; and all the unmarried ones pressed eagerly forward to be introduced to the lovely stranger. Rumour paid a visit upon this occasion to the forge of the blacksmith god, and

related to him the effect produced at court by the perfections of Venus. Curiosity only induced Vulcan to be present at the next levee; but he paid dearly for his indiscretion. The brilliant eyes of Venus made him feel in a moment that the cold sentiment with which Minerva had inspired him, could not be love. He hastened to throw himself at the feet of Jupiter, of whom he demanded the hand of Venus in marriage. It is said, that the father of the gods tried to reason his son out of an attachment which promised little happiness; but the passionate lover would listen to nothing that militated against his desires. We shall see, in the history of Venus, how this marriage was brought about; but her adventure with Mars has already convinced you, my dear Charlotte, that it was a very wretched one.

Vulcan is always represented as a robust man, of a rough and unprepossessing exterior; his hair and beard are in very bad order. He wears a round pointed cap; and a short garment is his only covering. In his right hand, he holds a hammer, and a pair of tongs in his left.

We must now go back to Jupiter. Shortly after his union with Juno, he became enamoured of Latona, daughter of one of the Titans. The nymph listened to his addresses; and her slender figure soon betrayed her situation. Juno, outrageous at the conduct of her husband, determined to make Latona an example, to terrify others from the commission of similar faults. She bound the Earth by an oath not to afford her an asylum; and caused a monstrous serpent, named Pythos, to pursue her every where. Almost sinking with thirst and fatigue, Latona stopped at a pool to drink; but some peasants coming up at the moment, not only prevented her, but insulted her with the most outrageous invectives. Their brutality provoked Latona to turn them into frogs.

The beautiful fugitive had already wandered over the whole earth, seeking in vain a place of shelter. Just as she gave herself up to despair, Neptune, touched with compassion for her sufferings, procured her a retreat.

Before Latona yielded to the wishes of Jupiter, her sister

Asteria had touched his heart; but her rigid virtue made her prefer death to his embraces. In flying from him, she fell into the sea, and was converted into a floating island. At the time that Juno engaged Terra to deny Latona a resting-place, this island was under water; but it afterwards rose, and floated on the waves. Neptune touched it with his trident, and it became fixed. The god gave it the name of Delos and signified to Latona, that in it, she would find a secure asylum.

It was there, that the persecuted nymph presented to the thunderer a son and a daughter. You will easily conceive, my dear Charlotte, with what transport she pressed to her heart those lovely twins, who were destined to form her glory, and her happiness; for, from the moment of their birth, Juno's power to persecute her was at an end.

These twins were the God of Day, and the Goddess Diana. The first act of Apollo was, to kill with his arrows the serpent, Pythos, who had so cruelly tormented his mother. The extreme beauty of Apollo, his genius, and accomplishments, soon endeared him to Jupiter; and even Juno appears to have forgiven the misfortune of his birth. Few of the gods have met with more adventures; but although there was not one to compare with him for personal graces, and brilliant endowments, his career appears to have been marked with vexations wholly of his own creating. Naturally rash and impetuous, he had frequent cause to regret the excesses into which his passions hurried him. But in descanting upon his character, I forgot to tell you his adventures.

Soon after he had slain the serpent Pythos, Latona urged him and his sister, Diana, to revenge her quarrel with Niobe. This queen, the wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, had seven sons, and as many daughters, whose beauty, at least in the eyes of their mother, exceeded that of Diana and Apollo. Not satisfied with offering this affront to the offspring of Latona, Niobe interrupted the worship which her subjects paid to that goddess; and declared, that, as she

was the mother of fourteen children, and Latona had only two, she possessed a better claim to divine honours.

Incensed at the affront offered to their parent, the twins sallied forth to avenge her; and while the arrows of Apollo pierced the breasts of Niobe's sons, their sisters were shot by Diana. Their wretched parents hastened to their assistance, but an arrow from Apollo's bow pierced the heart of Amphion. At that sight, the wretched Niobe, dissolved in tears, attempted to throw herself upon the bodies of her husband and her children; but on a sudden she found herself deprived of motion, and gradually stiffening into stone, the once beautiful queen was metamorphosed into a rock; but, as if still conscious of her sorrows, those tears which her hasty transformation prevented her from shedding, still flow from the marble.

The first sacrifice to Apollo's impetuosity, was his beloved Coronis, whom he shot with an arrow, because a raven had told him she was unfaithful. Esculapius, the fruit of Apollo's amour with Coronis, was born on her funeral pile, and the god, convinced too late that she had been slandered, changed the colour of the raven from white to black as a punishment for his fault.

Esculapius inherited much of the genius of his father. Chiron, the centaur, taught him physic; and he practised it with such success, that he not only cured all diseases, but even restored the dead to life. The king of the infernal regions, jealous of what he considered as an invasion of his rights, denounced the offender to Jupiter, who instantly struck Esculapius dead with a thunderbolt. Apollo, who loved his son most affectionately, flew to the isle of Lemnos, and entering the inmost recesses of its caverns, pierced with his arrows the Cyclops, who had forged the bolts which deprived him of his beloved Esculapius. Vulcan complained bitterly of this violence; but he would probably have been unattended to, had not Venus, for a wonder, espoused his cause. They soon made a party in Olympus against Apollo. The gods presented a petition in form for his expulsion; and,

in compliance with their desire, Jupiter banished him from his celestial kingdom.

Apollo took refuge in the dominions of Admetus, King of Thessaly, whose shepherd he became. It was in this obscure situation, that he first found the secret of happiness. The cultivation of the arts and sciences gave wings to those hours which he passed in watching his flocks. He still retained his celestial power, which he used for the happiness of those around him. He procured for Admetus the hand of Alcesta, the daughter of Pelias, who had declared, he never would give her in marriage, till he found a man who could produce a car drawn by a tame lion, and a bear. Admetus was in despair at the hardship of this condition; but the assistance of Apollo enabled him to perform it.

It was in this solitude that Apollo is said to have invented the lyre. Some mythologists indeed deny that it is his invention; for they say, that Mercury played him a roguish trick, by carrying off the flocks of Admetus; and when Apollo discovered where he had concealed them, Mercury persuaded him to accept the lyre, which he had just finished in exchange.

Without troubling ourselves to enquire by whom the lyre was really made, let us see the use to which Apollo put it. The nymph, Daphne, equally famed for her chastity and her beauty, touched the susceptible heart of the god; and he sang to it incessantly in order to propitiate her. He seems to have been an unskilful wooer. What would you think, my Charlotte, of a lover, who, by way of pleading his passion, should begin to entertain you with an account of his own amiable qualities? Such, however, was the manner in which Apollo prosecuted his addresses. "Listen, beautiful Daphne," cried he, "to the son of imperial Jove, the God of Poetry, Painting, Music, &c. &c. &c."

Daphne, either disgusted by his egotism, or determined to preserve her chastity inviolate, treated him with the greatest coldness. It is said indeed, that there was a handsome young shepherd in the neighbourhood, who did not

find her such a prude; but I am inclined to think there is no truth in that report. One day, Apollo chanced to surprise her, and pressing his suit with more ardour than usual, she flew from him; he pursued her; and, at length, coming up with her, caught her in his arms. At that moment, the nymph petitioned the gods that she might be despoiled of life, rather than of her honour; and scarcely had she uttered her prayer, when Apollo, instead of his fair mistress, found a laurel-tree in his embrace. Deeply lamenting his rashness, he cut a branch off it, and, forming it into a crown, placed it upon his head; and ordered, that it should be sacred to him for ever.

For some time, the image of Daphne defended the heart of Apollo from all the attacks of love. At length, he was again captivated by the charms of the nymph Bolina, who, to escape his pursuit, threw herself into a river. The gods rewarded her heroic courage by rendering her immortal. My subject has led me farther than I intended; I must therefore conclude Apollo's adventures in my next.

Adieu, my dear Cousin,

Ever your's,

CLERMONT.

(To be continued.)

LORD GRANVILLE.

HIS lordship was accosted one morning by his fishmonger, who, in soliciting for his money, frequently exclaimed (bowing at the same time most obsequiously low), "Indeed, my lord, if I am not paid soon, I shall certainly *break*." "No, no, my good friend," says his lordship, "there is no fear of that, I hope." "Indeed, my lord, but there is, I shall certainly *break*." "Why then, to make you easy upon that head, I tell you it is impossible; you *bend* too much ever to *break*."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

A MUSICAL FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. M. BARTLETT.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A Room in Old Mordrant's House.**Enter OVERPLUS, (singing in an affected style.)*

OH! bear me, love, on pinions light,
To groves of myrtle—banks of roses;
Speed, gentle truant, speed thy flight;
There, soft entranc'd, Annette reposes.

Descend on zephyr's balmy breath;
But oh! awaken not her slumbers;—
Beware her eye! one glance is death!
Oh! shun her voice—'tis heav'n's own numbers.

Really, for want of practice in these uncultivated regions, my voice will become as inharmonious as the drone of a bagpipe; but since agriculture has become the prevailing science of the day, nothing would suit my foolish papa, but my submitting to the tuition of a set of clod-poles, to learn whether rye-grass, or clover, possesses the most nutriment for cattle; or the difference between a Swedish turnip and a bowl of butter-milk—ha! ha! Now these things are insuperably frivolous to a man of fashion; although I shouldn't be surprised to hear, that Bond-street is to be ploughed for wheat this year, and fallowed the next. The charming Miss Mordrant, however, makes me forget the absence of metropolitan gaiety. I confess I am a devotee to her beauty, although her ideas require a little cul-

tivation to wear off her natural rusticity of manners, and qualify her for the *haut ton*; for when I tell her, that she is a lovely girl, she turns aside, as if——Pish! here comes that noodle of a servant—upon my honour, it would be benefitting society more, by paying a little attention to the breed of these bumpkins, instead of that of horned cattle. However, I must make him useful.

Enter OLIVER.

So, Oliver, your master, I find, has left home; but Miss Cecilia is alone; eh! Oliver?

Oliv. Ees; there be nobody with her but——

Over. But—but—who, Oliver?

Oliv. But that—that—

Over. That, eh?

Oliv. Why, that cunning little gipsey, A—A—Agnes.

[*simpering.*]

Over. Oh! oh! I understand. Come, come, you must assist me, Oliver, and then I will see what that cunning little gipsey will say to your fortune—eh! Oliver?

Oliv. He! he! he!

Over. Therefore, you must have your ears about you.

Oliv. Ees, I always carry 'em.

Over. And if Miss Cecilia should say any pretty little thing about me in your hearing, you are to tell me, you know.

Oliv. Sartinly.

Over. [*half whispering.*] Now what does she say about me in general.

Oliv. Oh! dang it, mun, one shouldn't mind what a woman says, you knows; they flatter so sometimes.

Over. Never behind one's back, Oliver; then what does she say?

Oliv. I munna tell you.

Over. Pray do. Here's a dollar, my honest fellow.

Oliv. Oh! if it be worth a dollar, why then

Over. Quick, speak!

Oliv. She says you are—

Over. What?

Oliv. Guess now—

Over. [*turning away in a passion.*] Fool!

Oliv. You're right, mun; and she told *measter* so too, when he lectured her, like, about the captain, who is just come from abroad.

Over. [*surprised.*] Captain?

Oliv. *Ees*, Captain Manly, who, every body knows, was cruel fond of Miss Cecilia before he went to the wars; and lost an eye and an arm. [*AGNES appears listening.*]

Over. An eye and an arm! that's damned unlucky; for as he will now certainly fail in his addresses, I shall be prevented from offering him the satisfaction which a disappointed rival might require.

Oliv. But that *beant* all, mun.

Over. No!

Oliv. No; there be his man, O'Keefe, who used to be sweetish upon Miss Agnes. What a cudgelling I would ha' given him at single-stick, if he hadn't lost a leg.

Over. True, Oliver; but they may now rest in peace and quietness; and as they have supported the loss of their limbs in war, they can surely endure the loss of their mistresses in peace; the chances are the same in both. But pray acquaint Miss Mordrant, that Mr. Overplus is waiting with the most painful anxiety, for the felicity of receiving a summons to wait upon her; in the mean time, I will retire to the library. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter AGNES (looking after them.)

Agnes. So, so. However, I have dispatched Miss Cecilia's letter to the captain; therefore, I hope O'Keefe and he will arrive before my master returns. But here comes that cudgelling champion, Mr. Oliver.

She sings.

The man who wins a maiden's hand,
Must first possess her heart;
'Tis then alone she yields command,
To acts a subject's part.

Enter OLIVER, behind.

The wealthy knave may please the vain,
The titled fool, the proud;
The generous breast will still disdain
The mercenary crowd.

From courtly toil, from splendid care,
It proudly soars above—
Content in virtue's bonds to share
The calm delights of love.

[*She goes off unobserved by Oliver, who approaches sideways.*]

Oliv. I say, Agnes! Agnes! A—A—Agnes!

[*He looks round and groans.*]

[*After a pause*]. Well, I will go and deliver Miss Cecilia's message to my friend, Mr. Overplus, and tell him to endure "his painful anxiety a little longer," as my mistress won't see him yet. Who knows, but he may think the news worth a dollar—he! he! he!

(*Exit.*)

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

STRIKING THOUGHT OF A MADMAN.

A POOR crazy capuchin in the reign of Louis XIII. took it into his head to acquaint his audience in a fit of enthusiastic delirium, "that he had fortunately discovered an expedient which, he had no doubt, would make all men just and happy even in this life, and that the flesh should no longer rebel against the spirit." He then proceeded to explain himself, by telling them that the cause of all the sin, and consequently of all the miseries in the world, arose from the enmity between God and the devil, by which means the Almighty was often crossed in his good intentions to mankind both here and hereafter; the devil by his temptations making us incapable of the mercy of our Creator; therefore, he had a design, he told them, with the assistance of the holy church, to intercede with the Almighty to take Satan into favour again; "and then," said he, "mankind, having no tempter, will all necessarily be good."

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

(Continued from page 217.)

LETTER XXV.

THE COUNTESS OF GLENFIELD TO ULRIC COHENBURG.

I ADDRESS you as the friend of Albert Walstein, of that amiable youth, who has long been the victim of the most diabolical machinations which envy, avarice, and jealousy, could suggest. It is in my power to disclose every secret of this detestable conspiracy; but my own preservation requires caution. Promise me that I shall remain unmolested, and I will deliver up these miscreants to justice; refuse to give me this promise, and all you love best shall be involved in the general destruction. Doubt not my assertion, brave not my threats; the vengeance of an injured, an incensed woman, is deadly. My fate cannot be more horrible, let the worst arrive, than I may now expect, if you refuse to extend the olive branch towards the repentant, wretched,

GENEVIEVE.

LETTER XXVI.

ULRIC TO ALBERT.

I WAS roused from the perusal of your interesting narrative by the receipt of the above. How am I to act? Your immediate return is absolutely necessary; yet I would, if possible, defer it, lest some direful catastrophe should ensue. Act as you think proper; but lose no time in letting me know whether you are sufficiently acquainted with past events to do without this woman's assistance. I would not willingly compound with deceit and malice; but if the welfare of the innocent renders it necessary, I shall consider

myself justified. Be prompt in your decision; an hour's delay may ruin all.

Your's ever,

ULRIC COHENBURG.

LETTER XXVII.

MICHAEL THE MONK TO JUAN VINDICI.

A PRETTY piece of work we have made of it! Why, thou prince of bunglers! what could induce thee to bring my father hither? Was it to crush me at once? Genevieve has turned against us; I suspected her the instant I found she knew that he was living. But, mark me, she shall tell no tales. She may do her worst; I know how to stop a babbling tongue. Would that Albert was once more within my reach; I would not be so squeamish as I have been. Had I listened to your wise precepts sooner, things would now have worn a different aspect; but I must have qualms of conscience, forsooth! Idiot that I was, to imagine, that a man could so easily take one step in guilt, and then walk harmlessly on. No matter; my resolution is now taken. We are to sup with the *Countess* to-night; it will be the last entertainment she will give in Vienna. Do you understand me? Come then, after supper you and I will have some private conversation.

MICHAEL.

LETTER XXVIII.

ULRIC TO ALBERT.

RETURN, my friend, return without hesitation; love, honour, happiness, await you. Your enemies are no longer at liberty to molest you; torments, the most excruciating, the just punishment of their crimes, await them. Not hearing from you so soon as I wished, I consulted with Madame Rosenheim; she advised me strenuously to enter into no league with the intriguing countess, and my own reason seconded her arguments; yet still I deliberated, until the following letter determined me how to proceed.

THE COUNTESS OF GLENFIELD TO ULRIC COHENBURG.

Do you still hesitate? Well then, I will convince you that I am more your friend than you suppose. This evening I see company; disguise yourself, and join the party; you will then hear secrets disclosed that will make you shudder; but see that you violate not the laws of hospitality. Some of the party will appear in masquerade, and why should not you? Lord Glenfield will play the part of my long lost husband; his son, St. Valori, will appear in the habit of the monk, Michael; and Juan Vindici, an Italian adventurer, will wear a double mask, which fits him well. You may choose your own dress; but be punctual as you wish to serve your Albert. I need not say more.

GENEVIEVE.

Immediately upon the receipt of this, I lodged an information against the whole party, and at the appointed hour, the officers of the inquisition surrounded the house. One in disguise, who was supposed to be the invited Cohenburg, ascended the stairs, and, upon a given signal, the rest rushed in, and secured the whole party. There has already been one examination; but I have not yet been made acquainted with the extent of their communications.

ULRIC.

CONCLUSION.

The arrival of Albert, and his sister, Oriana, restored tranquillity to the minds of their anxiously expecting friends. Katharine received her truant lover with the dignity of true affection, which forbade her to resent an unintentional slight, yet condescended not to solicit, by look or action, that love which might not be the spontaneous impulse of the heart. Albert, conscious of his own folly and ingratitude, suffered her not to remain long in suspense; he opened his heart to Madame Rosenheim, implored her intercession in his favour, and lamented his former inconsistency with so much sincerity and humility, that his pardon was soon signed and sealed. Nothing now remained to retard the

happiness of the lovers, but their uncertainty respecting the dark mystery which still hung over the fate of Albert. This was at length removed by the information that two of the wretched criminals had expired under the torture; these were Genevieve and Vindici. Lord Glenfield was condemned to public execution, and St. Valori banished the kingdom. The confession of Lord Glenfield placing Albert in full possession of his right, a day was fixed for the solemnization of his nuptials with Katharine. The generous Ulric witnessed their happiness without a sigh of envy. He had long loved Katharine; but his love was of that description which prefers the felicity of the object to its own gratification. In the lovely, gentle Oriana, he found a soul congenial to his own. Her preference, though veiled by delicacy, could not remain wholly concealed; and Ulric, charmed by the conviction, proud of the honour, and grateful for the distinction, soon made ample compensation by repaying with interest the debt of affection to the artless Oriana.

With this pleasing arrangement, we would willingly close our narrative; but as some elucidation of past events may still be deemed necessary, those who are desirous of tracing the steps of villany may gratify their curiosity by perusing

THE CONFESSION OF JULIAN ST. VALORI, SUPPOSED EARL
OF GLENFIELD.

THE history of myself, which, for reasons that will be hereafter explained, I once gave to Augustus Walstein, was a complete fabrication, at least, as far as concerned my first knowledge of Albert. Torture, which could alone extort the truth, now compels me to be brief and explicit. At an early age, I fell into vicious company, and contracted habits of irregularity and vice, which have proved my destruction. I was a younger brother; my income was too contracted for my expences; and I soon began to hate the object which intervened betwixt me and the possession of my father's title and ample estates; this was Albert, the

only son of my brother. The courtesan, Genevieve, whose extravagance I had long administered to, hesitated not to persuade me, that I might easily remove this obstacle. I listened to her suggestions; and the child was purloined by a creature whom Genevieve employed. A novice in guilt, I shuddered at the idea of murder, and consented only on condition that the child should be taken care of, and his existence be kept a profound secret from his parents. Long estranged from my own children, I knew little of paternal feelings, and treated lightly the anguish I saw my brother endure when the object of his fondest hopes was thus cruelly torn from him. Still the boy was an incumbrance I would gladly have got rid of; and I had too little confidence in Genevieve to imagine she would not use the power I had thus placed in her hands to her own advantage, whenever an opportunity might offer. Genevieve, who probably guessed my thoughts, was, on her side, equally cautious, and more than a match for me in cunning. As she found my means of supporting her were inadequate to her expectations, her ardent professions of regard gradually changed to peevish remonstrance, or petulant altercation. She at length insisted on separating from me; and, as she still professed a strong attachment to the child, I permitted her to take it with her, as she declared, it was her intention to quit England for ever. From that time, I saw no more of the child, until it was delivered to me on the memorable day of the battle of *Neiss*. By what means it came into the hands of the officer who bequeathed it to the care of my wife, I know not. I instantly recognized the boy; but to avoid betraying myself, affected that jealousy of my wife, which might serve to account for the hatred I felt towards the boy, and the dread which still possessed me, that his real origin would, at some future day, be discovered. My brother was then dead, and his widow in a state of mental imbecility, which incapacitated her from interfering, or taking any notice of my proceedings. The remainder of my life has been rendered miserable by remorse of conscience and dread of

detection. I have tried every means to rid myself of an incumbrance which grew hourly more burdensome.

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The remaining particulars contained in this confession have already been detailed in the narrative of Augustus Walstein*. What further requires elucidation, will be found in the memorial of Genevieve, which we shall take up from the period when she quitted the protection of Lord Glenfield, the other part being irrelevant to the subject.

“Among the licentious associates of Glenfield, I met with one who appeared so far his superior in every attraction that can charm the heart of woman, as to cause an immediate revolution in my sentiments. Glenfield I had never loved; interest alone attached me to him; but to Juan Vindici, my heart clung with all the fondness which the female soul is susceptible of; and it required little persuasion to induce me to share his fortune, precarious as it might be. He had long been a gambler by profession; his depredations were suspected, and so nearly detected, as to render immediate flight necessary. I was his voluntary companion; and we repaired to Vienna. Here we first met with St. Valori, to whom Vindici announced himself as the particular friend of Lord Glenfield. St. Valori was one of those easy dupes who fall readily into the snares of the designing. His father's allowance was ample, and had been hitherto sufficient for his expences; but Vindici soon opened to his view new sources of gratification, and easily persuaded him that he was unjustly treated by his father. The secret of Albert's birth was unfolded in confidence; and St. Valori, goaded by the demon of avarice, hesitated not to avow, that the death of the brat would give him pleasure. As a cloak for his real pursuits, Vindici had purchased a commission in the regiment to which St. Valori belonged, as it enabled him the easier to obtain admission into the higher circles of society. The regiment was however called into

* See page 11, Museum for January 1816.

action unexpectedly, and we were stationed in the village of Moluitz. In the confusion of preparation for the expected battle, I paid little or no attention to the child; the last time I noticed him was, as he sat on the knee of Vindici, who appeared to gaze on his features with unusual interest. On a sudden I missed him, and hastily enquired through the house where we lodged, if any one had seen him; still I could obtain no satisfaction. Late in the evening, Vindici and his friend returned, oppressed with fatigue, and the latter slightly wounded. I mentioned the extraordinary disappearance of the child, and my anxiety in consequence. They appeared to participate in my alarm; but I thought I perceived them exchange looks fraught with meaning. I forbore to question them at the time; but it was not long before I discovered that they had been accessory to his disappearance, though, how they had disposed of him, they refused to acknowledge, persisting only in asserting that neither of them had imbrued their hands in his blood.

(To be continued.)

DR. JOHNSON'S

DESCRIPTION OF HAWKESTONE, THE SEAT OF SIR JOHN HILL,
BARONET, SALOP.

HE that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone, wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horrors of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure between fright and admiration. The walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the valleys, he is composed and soothed.

Journey to North Wales.

GLEANINGS.

LORD FALMOUTH.

ABOUT fifty years ago, it was a well-known custom among the poor gentlemen of that day, to walk in the Park, as it was called, for a dinner; that is, in the hope that they might be asked to one by some person they might chance to meet: numerous were these daily claimants upon incident and accident, who might be seen counting the trees in shabby genteel habiliments, and sometimes with swords by their sides. It happened one day, that Lord Falmouth, who was a very plain dressing man, was accosted by one of these Park-keepers, who was seated next him on one of the benches, with, "How are you, sir? It gets late; I don't think that we shall have any luck to-day." The Peer stared—"I presume, sir, that you are upon the same business as myself?" "Really, I don't know, sir," cried his Lordship, "what is your business?" "I mean no offence, sir; but I suppose you have been waiting here in hopes to meet some of your friends." "I should have no objection." "No, I thought so, sir; but it is too late now, sir. I declare I hav'n't had a dinner these two days. I hope you have had better luck." "Why yes," answered his Lordship, who had now become master of the subject, "and as you think it is too late now to expect any body to ask us, suppose we walk a little way together, and, if you have no objection, I am provided for to-day, and shall be glad of your company to partake a bit with me." "Well," replied the stranger, rising from his seat, "I'll do as much for you another time."

This conversation continued until they came to the door of his Lordship's elegant mansion, at which were half-a-dozen of the servants in livery, standing to pass away the time. The stranger was astonished to find them drawn up, and pull off their hats; but his ideas could not carry him higher at the moment, than to fancy his friend the house-

steward, or the butler; and here his dignity was a little hurt; for he was a real gentleman, and when he was asked to dinner, it was with persons of condition. However, his good-nature and respect for the hospitable invitation he had received, joined to the intercessions of an empty stomach, made him enter. But what was his astonishment, when he saw himself introduced into an elegant dining-room, to a table supplied with all the luxuries of the season, and the finest wines. The stranger now became in his turn master of the subject. No other person dined with his Lordship that day; and after making his guest eat a hearty dinner, he addressed him as follows—"Sir! in future you will recollect, that you are not to walk in the Park for a dinner, but for an appetite; the dinner you will always find provided here, whether I am in town or not, at home or abroad."

KNOW THYSELF.

THE world is full of people who observe the failings of others with admirable discernment, who pardon them nothing, and who, being themselves subject to greater faults than others, make not the least reflection on their own failings. The vainest persons do not abstain from ridiculing the vanity of others; the most severe give lessons of meekness; the most prepossessed rise against prepossessions. It is very difficult to refrain from cautioning this kind of people that they would do well to say to themselves what they say of others, and to see themselves in the portraits that they paint. *Nosce te ipsum.*

When we see those ambitious persons who heap enterprises upon enterprises, who form designs for which several lives would not be sufficient, who by their caprices disturb the repose of mankind, who never think of death, which every instant threatens them, who imagine that other men live only for them; who is it that does not feel induced to recall them to the knowledge of their fragile and mortal condition, and to make them remember that they are men?

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR OCTOBER, 1817.

NOTHING indicates the state of a country more plainly than the trials pending in its courts of judicature; nor can any thing be more disgraceful than frequent and numerous actions for rapine and rebellion; more especially when it is apparent that many of those crimes would not have been committed under a better order of things; for it is easy to distinguish between those crimes which have been prompted by wantonness, and those to which the unfortunate have been driven by despair, or want. The happiness of a nation must depend upon a wise administration of its affairs; and if those who are invested with that power, abuse, or make an ill use of it, the misery of the people will follow as an inevitable consequence; and shew itself in acts of disorder, tumult, and disaffection. It is on this account therefore, that we cannot help feeling commiseration for those who have been so far deluded as to seek redress for their supposed, or real grievances, by acts of violence; and, it is to be hoped, that pardon will be extended to all those in the present trials who have not imbrued their hands in human blood.—Twenty-four unfortunate men have been arraigned of High Treason at Derby, and their trials occupy much of the public attention at the present moment. Brandreth, known by the name of the Nottingham Captain, and Turner, who was equally active, have been tried, and found guilty: their object was to effect a simultaneous insurrection in several northern towns, which they began at Pentridge, in Derbyshire, on the 9th of June last; and called at the houses of several persons on their way from thence to Nottingham, and either pressed men, or procured arms, from each; at one house, they met with some resistance; and

Brandreth fired, and killed one young man; they proceeded, but not being joined by a body they expected from Nottingham, many of them made the best of their way home, and the rest were met by a party of Light Horse on the road, threw down their arms, and fled in all directions across the fields. Their avowed object was to have advanced to the metropolis, and claim a redress of grievances; but the manner of effecting this was wild and chimerical; and such as could only be thought of by frantic, or mad men.

The foreign intelligence of the month, has rather an unusual interest;—Two corps d'armée, consisting of 8,000 Spanish troops, of which 1,500 are cavalry, have uniformly been put in motion, one threatening the province of Beria, while the other, assembled in Estremadura, is destined to penetrate into Algarvas, and are advancing from Andalusia to the frontiers of Portugal; and expected to invade and take possession of them, till the negociation concerning the occupation of Monte Video and Olivenca by the Brazilians is settled.

Another event has given rise to much conjecture and some jealousy—The Russians have fitted out a squadron at Revel of seven sail of the line and a number of frigates, with 10,000 troops on board, which may be shortly expected at Portsmouth, whose destination is unknown.

The most important affair, however, at this juncture is, that the native powers in India have made war on the British government; and, if the accounts may be relied on, rather suddenly, though not unexpectedly. It is said, that the insurrection in Cuttah broke out at the same time with the hostilities of the Peshwa, above 1000 miles distant from each other; and not only the intercourse between Poonah and Calcutta, but between Madras and Calcutta, was cut off, and the country within 250 miles of the capital, for near a month, in possession of the enemy. The Marquis of Hastings had dispatched 10,000 men to subdue the enemy in Ganjan, and a vast force in various directions; which, it was hoped, would put down this formidable insurrection. The India Company have received advices, which, accord-

ing to their custom, they will not publish; the authenticity, therefore, of these accounts rests on private letters.

The Queen is to visit Bath on the 3d of November next, (the day fixed for her journey) by the advice of her Majesty's physician, Sir H. Halford, for a course of the waters to renovate her health; and is likely to remain there some time. It is conjectured, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and most of the Royal Family, will visit her during her stay; and enliven that ancient and beautiful city. Bath has not been honoured by the presence of a Queen, since the reign of Anne.

The French news of the month has been more than usually barren.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday, October 4th, *The Refusal, or The Ladies' Philosophy*, a comedy by Colly Cibber, was revived at this theatre, after having lain dormant for thirty years. This piece is adapted to the taste of the time in which it was written; but is too indelicate for the present; unless divested of some of the coarsest inuendoes. There is so little plot in the piece, that the whole success of it depends on the dialogue. Sir Gilbert Wrangle undertakes to give his daughter, Charlotte, with £.20,000, to Witling, a coxcomb, on condition that she will accept him; Charlotte, however, who is attached to Frankley, pretends to favour the addresses of the coxcomb, until the last, when she gives him a frank refusal. This slender plot is, however, managed with considerable dexterity.

On Monday the 6th inst. Mr. Kean appeared for the first time this season in the character of Richard the Third. Having before commented on the merits of this eminent

actor in this part, it is needless to say more than that our opinion of him remains unchanged. On his entrance, he was received with a general burst of applause from the audience, which was very numerous and respectable.

On Thursday the 9th inst. Miss Campbell, a lady from Liverpool, made her first appearance before a London audience in the character of Belvidera, in *Venice Preserved*. Miss Campbell is rather above the middle stature, *embonpoint*, and has a good voice: she was on the whole favourably received. Mr. H. Johnston was not equal to his predecessors, Kemble and Young, in the part of Pierre; he did not impart that dignity and high sense of honour which belongs to it.

The melo-drame of *Rugantino* has been revived in a style of splendour that does credit to the managers.

Miss Byrne, from the Dublin theatre, appeared for the first time before an English audience, on Tuesday the 14th inst. in the character of Adela, in the Opera of *The Haunted Tower*. She is young; has a small, but elegant figure; a face which, though not beautiful, is highly pleasing; and very expressive eyes. She astonished by the fineness of her tones, the extent of her powers, the brilliancy of her execution, and the science which she displayed. In the air, "Whither, my love! ah! whither art thou gone?" in an air in the second act, "Be mine, tender passion, soother of care," in the *sestetto*, at the end of the act, and in a recitative and air at the commencement of the third act, she was rapturously encored. On the whole, her performance was a treat to every admirer of harmony, and her reception was highly flattering. Dowton displayed his usual excellence, and the other characters were respectably sustained.

On the 30th ult. Mr. Maywood repeated the character of Shylock for the third time; and was evidently improving. On the 2d inst. he appeared for the first time in *Zanga*, in *The Revenge*; he does not give sufficient scope and vehemence to the impassioned parts of the character, nor sufficient decision to its wily and malignant duplicity.

COVENT-GARDEN.


ON the 30th ult. a new play, called the Duke of Savoy, was represented; and notwithstanding the combined efforts of the best performers in the company, was deservedly consigned to oblivion; for it is a feeble and incongruous production. Miss Brunton took the part of Rosalia; and though she sustained it reputably, the fate of the piece renders it unfortunate that our artist should have taken her Portrait in this very character; however, this circumstance will not lessen its value, since our readers may depend upon its being a correct likeness.

On the 2nd inst. a very interesting melo-drama, entitled, The Youthful Days of Frederick the Great, was performed at this theatre for the first time. The story is founded on an historical fact respecting Frederic William of Prussia and the Prince Royal, afterwards Frederick the Great; who had been betrothed to Christina, the Archduchess of Austria, and, to avoid the marriage, resolves to quit his father's dominions, in company with Anholt, and pass over to England; but the king discovers his intentions, sentences Anholt to death, and imprisons the Prince. The Austrian Ambassador feigns that the Prince has shot himself, and saves his life; and afterwards introduces him and Christina to the king; of whom they solicit, and obtain pardon. From these materials, the author, Mr. Abbott, a brother of the comedian of that name, has produced a very pleasing piece, full of incidents, and written in strong and energetic language. The dresses were in the costume of the days of Frederick William; the scenery was beautiful; and the piece had every justice done to it: the performers exerted themselves to the utmost; were highly applauded; and the piece will doubtless continue a favourite. It is said to be the author's first effort.

On Tuesday the 14th instant, Miss Brunton appeared for the first time in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in Gold-

smith's excellent comedy of "She Stoop to Conquer;" and further confirmed the opinion that was at first entertained of her superior abilities, which require nothing but cultivation and experience to bring them to perfection, and place her in the first rank on the stage. She was loudly applauded. All the other characters were well supported. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent was in a private box during the whole performance.

On Friday the 17th inst. Miss O'Neill commenced her theatrical career for the season in the new tragedy of the Apostate. On her first appearance, she was greeted with reiterated applause. She seemed considerably improved in health; and gave to the part of Florinda all its characteristic pathos and terror. This is the most varied and powerful of all her performances; her attitude and countenance during the hymn and music, at the close of the second act, present an image of pure and pious exaltation and physical beauty, of which none who have not seen her can form an idea; unless, perhaps, by imagining one of the divine creations of the genius of Raphael, beaming with a soul, and embodied into life. In her delivery of the words—"Marry you—Oh! no, it is too horrible," she flashed upon the audience at once the powers of love, hope, hatred, and despair. Young, C. Kemble, and Macready, never appeared to more advantage; and evinced their wonted discrimination, energy, and pathos.



LITERARY NOTICE.

IN the press, and shortly will be published, in two handsome duodecimo volumes, *DELUSION*, a Novel, by the author of *Julia of Ardenfield*.

A work of imagination, entitled, *FRANKENSTEIN*, or *The Modern Prometheus*, in three volumes, will be published towards the close of the present month.





Morning & Evening Costume for November 1877.

Pub. Nov. 1. 1877. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1817.

THE MORNING DRESS.

A JACONAUT muslin round dress, made to button behind; the body is high with a small collar, which is open in front, so as to display the throat a little. The back is full; the lower part of the front is ornamented with byas tucks, and the upper part plain. The skirt is of a moderate fullness, and rather longer than they have been lately worn; it is finished round the bottom with six or eight very small tucks, put as close as possible together, and surmounted by a full deep flounce of the same material as the dress; this flounce has a deep heading, through which is drawn a bright rose coloured riband.

Over this dress is worn a spenser, composed of rose coloured velvet, elegantly ornamented with white satin, intermixed with narrow rose coloured silk trimming. The spenser is made tight to the shape, and finished at the throat with white satin formed into puffings by this trimming. Plain long sleeves, of a moderate width. Half sleeve and cuff to correspond with the trimming of the throat. Leghorn bonnet of a French shape, and trimmed in the Parisian style with large rows of riband to correspond with the spenser. It ties with a very full bow under the chin. A rich lace frill stands up round the throat. Swansdown muff, straw coloured kid sandals and gloves.

THE EVENING DRESS.

A FAWN coloured crape frock over a white satin slip; the body, which is cut very low all round the bust, is loose; it is extremely short, and confined to the waist by a narrow

cestus of white satin, fastened in front by a brilliant clasp. The body is ornamented round the bust by a single fall of Mecklin lace, disposed in large plaits. Very short full sleeve, finished at the bottom by a rouleau of white satin, and narrow lace plaited to correspond. The trimming of the skirt is a double row of white satin, Spanish puffs made very full, and set in bias.

The hind hair is brought up high, and disposed in front of the forehead in a large tuft, The front hair is slightly parted, and curled very full upon the forehead. A garland of Provence roses is placed rather far back to the left side. Ear-rings and necklace of pearl. Spangled crape fan. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

Though velvet spencers are considered most fashionable, both for carriage and promenade dress, yet sarsnet pelisses are still reckoned tonish in the former. It may be proper, however, to mention, that they are composed of a new and very durable silk; it has a narrow cord like that of dimity, and is superior in thickness to the French Swantine.

We have just seen a Clarence-blue pelisse composed of this silk; it is lined with white sarsnet, and made to wrap a little to the left side. The body is made tight to the shape, except at the bottom of the back, where there is a little fullness, which is confined to the waist by a rich silk cord and tassels. A plain square collar, lined with white satin, falls over. The trimming, which goes all round the pelisse, is a very full wreath of velvet leaves, which are edged with a beautiful narrow white silk trimming. Plain long sleeves, ornamented at the wrist to correspond.

We have noticed also a new, and very appropriate appendage to full dress, which is called the *Corsage à la Prusse*; it is a body composed either of British net, blond, or transparent gauze, intermixed with rouleaus of white or coloured satin. The rouleaus, which are placed lengthwise, form the shape of the body; there is rather more than a nail left between them in breadth at the top of the front, and the material placed between them, which is always let in full, and is sometimes formed by silk cord into little Spanish puffs. The

sleeve, which is formed of the same materials, is an epaulette in the shape of a shell. Both the bosom and sleeves are edged with a row of twisted satin riband, disposed in points which stand up. These bodies may be worn over any evening dress; but they are considered most elegant over white satin, or rich white sarsnet.

Leghorn bonnets are considered most genteel for walking. They are generally trimmed only with riband. Some few ladies wear winter flowers, but they are not considered fashionable. Velvet toques are the most fashionable carriage head-dresses. Some of them made in the French style are extremely pretty. The most elegant are composed of black velvet and bright violet satin; the crown is higher, and something broader at the top than any we have lately seen. A broad piece of byas violet satin is let in round the top of the crown; it is formed into puffs by narrow velvet strips which fasten with small fancy silk buttons. The lower part of the crown is ornamented with a band of about a nail in breadth; it is composed of byas folds of velvet and violet satin intermixed; a low plume of ostrich feathers placed exactly in front generally ornaments this head-dress.

White satin and transparent gauze toques are very fashionable for evening parties, and silver gauze is in great favour for full dress. The crowns of these head-dresses are either round or oval; they are rather high, and are now generally finished by three or four soft rolls of the same material round the lower part of the crown. The upper part is always full; if it is an oval shape, the fullness is confined either by rouleaus of satin, strings of pearls, beads, or silver cord, whichever is most appropriate. If the crown is round, the fullness is confined only at the bottom by the rolls, of which we have just spoken; and we must observe that round crowns appear most in favour.

Cornettes for dishabille are generally composed of clear muslin, the lower part is always of the mob kind. They are in general of a very moderate height; the upper part of the crown is full, and the fullness is confined either by bands of

letting-in lace, or rouleaus of satin. They are trimmed with narrow lace, and ornamented with riband only.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

Spencers are most in favour at present for the promenade; they are always composed of velvet; the most fashionable are made quite tight to the shape; the back very broad, and the front adorned with numerous rows of buttons intermixed with silk twist. Plain long sleeves without epaulettes or ornaments at the wrist are considered very fashionable; but some elegantes have their sleeves ornamented about a nail from the bottom, by a double row of buttons and twist, which goes about half round the wrist, and corresponds with the front. Waists are worn remarkably short; and the most fashionable spencers are finished round the waist by a row of velvet cut to resemble shells; this ornament is from an inch to an inch and a half in breadth.

Robes are now principally made of Merino; but plaid silk is also worn. The trimming of these robes consists either of rouleaus of satin, or bands of fancy *pluche*; the latter is most prevalent.

The crowns of fashionable *chapeaux* are much lower than usual, and the brims extremely wide, but not deep. Satin *pluche*, and velvet are the materials most in request for hats. Plain *pluche* hats are always of two colours; white and rose, and grey and citron, form at present the favourite mixtures. Fancy *pluche* is much used to trim satin, and black velvet hats; the former, however, continue to be ornamented with straw round the edge of the front; the straw is generally disposed in a light wreath of leaves or flowers.

Plumes of marabouts, bunches of velvet auriculas, and rainbow scarfs, are considered equally elegant for the decoration of hats. We perceive, however, that the latter are mostly confined to black velvet *chapeaux*.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ABDALLAH;
OR,
THE FATAL GIFT.

A POEM.

(Continued from page 235.)

IN dumb despair, as hope on hope expir'd,
The lost Abdallah to his couch retir'd,
And deeply musing on his lackless fate,
Deplor'd his folly, but deplor'd too late.
Where should he turn?—in all this world of grief
He knew not one to minister relief,
Not one whose gentle converse might repress
The tide of woe, and solace his distress—
The friends were riven from his wounded heart
That once indeed could sooth its every smart,
And she, the maid whose dear angelic smile
Might best the sufferings of his soul beguile,
She whom he lov'd as few had lov'd before—
The thought was madness!—and he dar'd no more;
But rudely starting, with distracted pace,
Rush'd from his seat that image to efface,
When sudden shouts reverberate on his ear,
The clash of weapons, and the cries of fear—
Loud swell'd the tumult—doubtful as he stood,
Uncertain yet if revelry or blood
Disturb'd with clamour thus the midnight gloom,
A breathless vassal rush'd into his room—
“Hence, hence, my lord!—revolt and murder reign—
The palace is besieg'd—the caliph's slain—

A rebel's poniard struck the monarch down,
And rival chieftains combat for the crown."—
"Then bring my sword!" Abdallah quick replied,
And bound the glittering falchion to his side;
A savage joy across his features spread,
And dreams of greatness hover'd o'er his head—
"Tis come, 'tis come—the joyous day at last,
That gives a recompence for all the past!
These rival fools may combat till they tire—
Till each in turn grow weary, or expire—
I'll win by craft what fate denies the bold,
And work pre-eminence by dint of gold—
My matchless wealth shall rule this favouring hour,
And bliss be mine in plentitude of power!"
He said—and prompt to purchase their applause,
Harangued the crowd, and brib'd them to his cause;
Where'er he march'd with prodigal display,
Gift follow'd gift, and smooth'd the rugged way,
Till won by these, the fickle mobs relent,
Concentrate all, and favour his intent,
And hark! from every mouth the noisy cry—
Long live Abdallah!—thunders to the sky.

'Tis done—Abdallah sits upon a throne,
Pride, pomp, and power, and splendour all his own.
See the long groups that in his presence wait,
Princes, and lords, and ministers of state,
Whose vassal looks obediently assume
His every smile, or counterfeit his gloom;
And fawning courtiers, with affected zeal,
Aping the love that courtiers never feel—
"Ah! then 'tis only royalty can know
Untainted peace and happiness below:
Monarchs are delegates whom heaven design'd
Above the meaner millions of mankind,
And privileg'd from pain, that all may see
In them the stamp of true divinity—
Then heav'n be prais'd, my weary soul has found,
Tho' late indeed, that consecrated ground!

But what informs my ring? perhaps e'en yet
There lurks some secret folly to regret—"'
'Twas worse than folly—far as eye could trace,
In voice, in word, in action, and in face,
All, all was foul deception—'twas a scene
To turn severest patience into spleen—
Before him stood, detected in the guise
Of seeming homage, and obsequious lies,
Each viler passion that afflicts us here—
Relentless malice, and suspicious fear,
Malignant envy, disappointed rage
Too fierce to die, too bitter to assuage,
Insidious cunning, jealousy, and scorn,
And burning pride, that rankled like a thorn,
And dark conspiracy, whose infant hand
Already struggled to unsheath the brand—
The vows he heard were adulation's breath,
Unmeaning, empty, and as cold as death—
Yet some there were among the crowded ranks
That owed him gratitude, and ceaseless thanks,
Some whom his bounty from a lowlier birth
Had rais'd to honour, dignity, and worth,
And some that, rescued from the bloody strife,
His generous pardon had preserv'd to life—
Yet e'en of these, ambition prompted most
To rise rebelliously above their post,
And others, for the gifts he deign'd to pour,
But curst him now, and hated him the more.
Deep from his very soul Abdallah then
Sigh'd o'er the innate wickedness of men—
"These are the rich—I'll choose my proper time,
And vengeance shall reward their every crime;
But first, in this my sceptre to secure,
I'll heap my favours on the humbler poor,
Convene the rabble round my palace gate,
Demand the rigours that oppress their fate,
And give to each the justice that is due,
So each shall love, and each support me too.
Alas! if monarchs have indeed no bliss,
No joy, no safety, more divine than this,

If thus my scanty privileges end—
To hear no truth, and never boast a friend!
The sweets of royalty were ill conceiv'd—
Kings are not all my fancy had believ'd."

The mandate spread, his gracious purpose known,
A host of suppliants bow'd before his throne:
Long time, the wondering caliph look amaz'd,
And felt a father's pity as he gaz'd—
"Are ye the subjects of Abdallah's realm!
Let wrath pursue, and punishment o'erwhelm
The ruthless monsters that have made ye thus
To heav'n an eye-sore, and a shame to us!
Rehearse your wrongs—no danger shall befall—
I'll calmly listen, and redress them all."
A ragged wretch advanc'd, and on his knee,
With whining voice preferr'd his humble plea,
A piteous story full of dire complaint
Of brutal tyranny and hard constraint—
Abdallah heard him with attentive ear,
And scarce withheld th' involuntary tear—
But lo! what sudden change his visage wears!
Wild in each look distracted horror glares—
His pale lip quivers—something he has seen
To mar the tender smoothness of his mien—
Yes!—he has seen too much—the tell-tale ring
That serv'd the subject still obeys the king—
And lo! the clamorous beggar at his feet,
E'en while he sobs the story of deceit,
Hides in the foldings of his tatter'd vest
A dagger, thirsting for Abdallah's breast—
He half uncovers now the glittering foe,
Prepares to strike, and meditates the blow—
"Slaves! bear me hence!" the trembling monarch cries,
Leaps from his throne, and through the palace flies,
Pants in his chamber, with affrighted awe,
And scarce escapes the ruin he foresaw.

"Oh! never, never shall the throne I quit
Repeat this lesson to Abdallah's wit—

Farewell, ye idle visions of renown,
 Farewell, ye gaudy pictures of a crown!
 Let but to-morrow gleam, at break of day
 To other climes I'll urge my desperate way,
 And seek in Europe's more attemper'd sphere
 The exil'd happiness that lives not here!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GENTLE FLOWER.

WHEN Summer skies are past, and gone
 The early sun, and lengthen'd day;
 Then home again my steps shall turn,
 And blithely to the south away.
 For though the rose may then be fled,
 The daisy wither'd on the lea;
 There blows, when all these flowers are dead,
 A fairer flower than all for me.

By yonder distant stream it blows,
 A gentle, wee, and modest flower;
 There's none so fair or sweet that grows
 By any stream, in any bower.
 The dew that sparkled on its stem,
 When last I saw it drooping down,
 Was lovelier than a monarch's gem,
 Was richer than a monarch's crown.

For oh! that flower, that gentle flower,
 Is she that's dearest to my heart;
 And on it's stem that dewy shower,
 The tears she shed when forc'd to part.
 I would not waste its sweets, or tear
 Its blossoms from the mourning spray;
 But I would fondly linger near,
 And woo my lovely flower away.

ANON.

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO MISS ———.

OH! mark the meek lily that blooms in the vale—
 Not a flower can such sweetness display;
 Nor the vain gaudy tulip such fragrance exhale,
 Though its leaves are so brilliant and gay.
 It loves in retirement its beauties to screen,
 In the silence of solitude lives;
 But its worth is not less, though it blossoms unseen,
 Nor the charm, nor the pleasure it gives.

Oh! still fairest flower! be thy dwelling the shade,
 Let humility still be thy guide;—
 Or soon would thy loveliness perish and fade,
 And leave thee the victim of pride.
 Has the tulip its beauties? they little avail—
 Neglected they fall to the ground;
 And where 'mid the sweet flow'rs that perfume the gale,
 Ah! where can the tulip be found?

In the tulip, each blemish that pride can bestow
 Depicted correctly we see;
 In the lily, the charms that from modesty flow,
 And the emblems, dear maiden, of thee.
 Distinguish'd for worth, as the lily so fair,
 Oh! gaze on its image divine;
 For the beauty, the virtue, the innocence there,
 And the grace, and the fragrance are thine!

PHILANDER.

 "OH! WAKE THEE, LOVE!"

OH, wake thee, love! fresh blows the summer gale—
 Come, let us linger down yon bloomy vale,
 Whose shady covert, where the crystal spring
 Makes murmuring music, and the wild birds sing,
 Shall wean our thoughts from revelry and noise
 To purer raptures and serener joys.

See, laughing nature smiles thro' all her bowers,
And blooms and blushes in a robe of flowers;
The hills, the meadows, and the dew-bent spray
Are chequer'd o'er by Sol's effulgent ray,
Now broadly beaming in a blaze of light,
Now through the green leaves twinkling to the sight;
And far as eye can stretch, in heaven, on earth,
'Tis gladness all, and melody, and mirth.
How sweet to muse where scenes like these impart
Divinest pleasure to the poet's heart;
Where mellow tints, soft glimmering through the shade,
Sport in our path, and flit along the glade,
And all is calm—save where the giddy bee
Hums its wild note to floweret, herb, and tree,
Save where the whispering branches tremble near,
Or bubbling waters gurgle on the ear! HATT.

“LIFE'S LIKENESS.”

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE POETRY OF THE 17th CENTURY.

LIFE is—what?

It is the shooting of a star
That gleams along the trackless air,
And vanishes, almost ere seen, to naught—
And such is man!
He shines and flutters for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the vermeil of the rose
That blooms but till the bleak wind blows,
Then, all entomb'd in sweets, doth fade and rot—
And such is man!
He struts in bravery for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the dew-drop of the morn
That quivering hangs upon the thorn,
Till quaff'd by sun-beams 'tis no longer aught—
And such is man!
He frets and weeps him for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

A stone whose fall doth circles make
On the smooth bosom of the lake,
Which spread, till one and all forsake the spot—
And such is man!
By friends surrounded for a span,
And then forgot.

Life is—what?

It is a bubble on the main,
Raised by a little drop of rain;
The next destroys the fabric it hath wrought—
And such is man!
Alive, but honour'd for a span,
And, dead, forgot.

Life is—what?

A shadow on the mountain's side,
Of cloud, that doth in ether ride,
Driven by the northern gale, with tempests fraught—
And such is man!
He soars in greatness for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the sound of cannon near,
Which strikes upon the startled ear,
And ceases ere we can distinguish aught—
And such is man!
He fumes and blusters for a span,
Then sleeps forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the swallow's sojournment,
 Who, ere the summer's robe is rent,
 Flies to some distant bourne, by instinct taught—
 And such is man!
 The world he tenants for a span,
 And is forgot.

And is this life?

Oh, yes! and, had I time, I'd tell
 A hundred shapes more transient still;
 But whilst I speak, Fate whets his slaughterous knife—
 And such is man!
 While reck'ning o'er life's little span,
 Death ends the strife.

Liverpool.

T. W. C.

RECONCILIATION.

Amantium ira amoris integratio est.

The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love.

WHEN hovering clouds eclipse the blaze of day,
 And twilight drives the solar beams away;
 Then raves the tempest o'er the darken'd scene,
 Yet makes the fœtid atmosphere serene.
 Such are the feuds of lovers oft we find—
 When o'er, they give quiescence to the mind:
 Tho' angry frowns may guide the rigid plough,
 And leave a furrow on the meekest brow,
 Tho' that same eye which softest feelings raise,
 May sometimes dart resentment's fiery gaze.
 Tho' words may aggravate th' indignant breast,
 And for a time destroy connubial rest,
 Yet oh! how soon are quarrels made to cease,
 When Love commands and Friendship sues for peace!

C. F. W.

CHARADE I.

My first is an ornament some women wear,
 But few that have youth, or a fine head of hair;
 My second—let's see—is a species of food,
 And, when made into puddings, I think very good;
 In the vain giddy girl, we discover the two—
 'Tis a plague to herself, and a torment to you.

CHARADE II.

A NATIONAL nickname, well known to us all,
 If join'd to my second, a national brawl,
 You'll find that my whole is a national glory,
 Whether churchman, dissenter, a whig, or a tory.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to receive the promised "Offering" of Mr. Hamilton's Muse for December.

Among other favours, we have to acknowledge the receipt of *The Illicit Amour*, or *Love and Revenge*, a *Novellette*; and *The Gamester*, a *Moral Tale*.

Memoirs of a Spinster, addressed to the Gossiper, will appear in our next. An *Essay on The little Intercourse between the Sexes*, and on An *Attractive Person* often injurious to the Possessor, are under consideration.

We have not of late been favoured with the usual quota of Poetical Contributions from Mr. J. M. B. Mr. L. Agnes, Ora, Octavia, and other esteemed Correspondents; but as the year and its pleasures are fast receding, we trust they will once more rally round us, and impart the inspirations of their muse.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription 2 vols. of *Poems*, by our Correspondent, Mr. Hatt.

ERRATUM.

In the Poem of Abdallah, page 233 of our last Number, for
 They'll *strive* and fatten on the plenteous store,
 read—They'll *thrive*, &c.





Her Royal Highness
Princess Charlotte of Wales
and of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld.

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